ALICE WITCHER

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S87

SONGS AND VERSES

BY

LADY JOHN SCOTT

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BY

LADY JOHN SCOTT

'Haud fast by the past'

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS

1904

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Annie Lamie

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The portrait of Lady John Scott which forms the frontispiece to the book is from a sketch by A. E. Chalon, R.A., painted in 1839, and engraved by the Swan Electric Engraving Company, London.

PREFACE

To those who knew Lady John Scott, no description can bring her back exactly as they remember her; for it is almost impossible to put into words the many sides that made up such an original and fascinating character, with its mixture of shrewdness and simplicity—of brilliancy and shyness,—and with the warm heart that dominated it to the end. But as the years pass on, those who knew and loved her will grow fewer and fewer, and to the younger generation she will become but a name hallowed by traditions. As they sing her songs they may wonder what inspired them; so it is for them, while her memory is still fresh, that I set down these notes.

Alicia Anne Spottiswoode — afterwards Lady John Scott—belonged to one of the oldest families in Berwickshire. From time immemorial Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode had owned that lonely tower on the southern slopes of Lammermuir. "Robert de Spotteswod" affixed his seal to the Ragman Roll in 1296, a fact of which Lady John hated to be reminded. She looked with little more favour on another ancestor, John Spottiswoode, who three centuries later was Archbishop of St. Andrews, and who has left an enduring monument of his learning and industry in *The History of the Church of Scotland*. In spite of his being the prelate who crowned King Charles the Martyr, Lady John had little love for his memory, and always looked on him as a careless guardian of the family estates. His son, Sir Robert, was the friend and brother-in-arms of Montrose; and of no ancestor was Lady John more proud. Death on the scaffold was the price of his loyalty. He was executed in Edinburgh in 1646, and four

years later his nephew, "young Dairsie," suffered by Montrose's side.

Early in the last century, my great-grandfather, John Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode, married Helen Wauchope, daughter of the Laird of Niddrie Marischal. They must have been a very handsome pair. Both were tall; but while he was a big, fine, commanding-looking man, she was so slight that she could make her fingers meet round her waist; and so supple, that even when an old woman I can remember her doing things none of her descendants could imitate. From her Lady John inherited her deep blue eyes and curling hair. They had four children. Alicia was the eldest, born on Midsummer's Day 1810. No birthday could have been more appropriate, or pleased her better. She loved the long days of summer, and she was very fond of telling us that St. John's Day was the one day in the year when the fairies are visible, and when the good spirits have power over the earth. Next came John, afterwards Lieut.-

Colonel in the Grenadier Guards, who died unmarried in 1846. Then Andrew, who served in the 9th Lancers through the Sikh War and in the Mutiny, afterwards commanding the K.D.G. And lastly my grandmother, Margaret Penelope, who married Sir Hugh Hume Campbell in 1834.

The four children were very near each other in age, and were inseparable companions. Alicia and Andrew shared the leadership of the little band. They were much bolder and more enterprising than the other two, who had inherited their mother's singularly sweet and gentle nature. No children can ever have had a happier or merrier upbringing. At a time when young people stood far more in awe of their elders than now, they knew little restraint and no harsh rule. The Laird, as Mr. Spottiswoode was always called, had a perfectly calm even temper, which nothing could ruffle ; and my great-grandmother was the gentlest, most affectionate of beings, beloved by every one who came near her. The children were all fearless

riders, galloping over the moors to their hearts' content, and often coursing hares with their neighbour, old Lord Lauderdale, who was extremely fond of them, and never frightened them as he did his own grandchildren. From time to time they would be taken across the hills to their mother's former home, Niddrie, where the old Laird, a staunch Jacobite, would tell them tales of the '45. As a boy he had carried money hidden in a basket of fruit through the enemies' lines to the Prince's camp, and had been lifted up on the Prince's horse to be kissed and blessed by him. All these stories of long ago the little Alicia drank in, and never forgot. Both at Niddrie and at home they had plenty of young companions. Niddrie was the centre of a large circle of cousins, Wauchopes, Bairds, Kennedys, and Hope Johnstones; while at Spottiswoode they had as near neighbours the Baillies at Mellerstain and the Pringles at Stichill, and constant were the meetings.

The children were devoted to their free, country

life, and hated the yearly move to London, where they lived in a large old-fashioned house in Westminster—16 Great George Street. It is altered now beyond recognition, but it then had a large garden and a roomy stableyard, where the coachman's wife kept poultry. The journey was generally made in the "Ark" (the old-fashioned family coach, with dickey and rumble, in which Lady John always drove to Westruther Church on Sundays in later years), and I have often heard her describe their leisurely progress and the places they passed. Coldstream Bridge, the scene of sorrow or of wild joy, according to whether they were leaving or returning to their beloved Scotland; Wooler, the next stage, with its excellent steak and fried onions, always called afterwards "The Wooler carrier's beefsteak"; Gateshead, where my great-grandmother, who was very nervous, invariably got out, and walked up or down the steep hill,—and so on, not forgetting the gibbet on Bawtry Moor, with its ghastly burden. Once or twice they came down

by sea, and she remembered seeing pirates hanging in chains at the mouth of the Thames. It marks the change in travelling between those days and now, that she also recollected seeing old Lady Haddington sitting in her chariot on deck during the whole voyage.

Both Lady John and my grandmother were very carefully educated. They were excellent French and Italian scholars, and well read in the literature of those countries as well as of their own. My grandmother worked beautifully—Lady John always hated a needle as much as she loved a pencil. She drew well, and perspective seemed to come naturally to her. De Wint taught them water-colour painting, and Garcia was their singing master. Both sisters had beautiful contralto voices —my grandmother's was the finest—but to the last Lady John's showed the effect of perfect training, her enunciation was so clear, and the modulation of the voice so finished. She played the harp, which she always said was the most delightful

instrument to sing to; and my grandmother accompanied herself on the guitar. They had both thoroughly mastered the science of harmony, and those who remember Lady John's singing will remember, that not its least charm was the beautiful ever-varying accompaniment, which seemed to spring unconsciously from beneath her fingers. Her music was part of her life. She was always making tunes, or recalling the old ones with which her memory was stored; and she would sing to herself for hours during those interminable drives, of which, in later life, she was so fond.

From her father she inherited a great love of botany, geology, and especially archæology. They worked at these things together, and under his guidance she acquired a fund of accurate knowledge, to which she was always adding. Her interest never seemed to flag, and to the end of her life she was just as keen about any of these favourite studies as she had ever been. The finding of a rare plant in some new "habitat," or the

discovery of some hitherto untouched prehistoric remains would wake the keenest enthusiasm; but it was so contrary to her nature to make any show or parade of knowledge, that only those who were much with her knew its depth and extent.

Those who remembered her when she first grew up, always described her as extraordinarily attractive. She was not very tall, but very slight and graceful. Her small head was beautifully set on her long neck, and she had inherited the heavy-lidded, deep blue eyes of the Wauchopes. Though she was out in all weathers, and never by any chance wore a veil, her skin kept to the last its peach-like bloom and soft pink colouring. Unfortunately, no good picture exists of her, and she had an invincible objection to being photographed. Two sketches by Chalon and a third by Hayter, painted soon after her marriage, are all we have; and, in spite of their feeble drawing, they give an impression of great distinction and charm.

Although so slight, she was very strong and

active, and no day on the hills was too long for her. Once for a bet with her brother Andrew she walked fifteen miles in three hours. He had said one morning that such a thing was impossible for any woman. The Laird demurred, saying he was sure Alicia could do it; so after breakfast they went off to a rough but fairly straight road across the moor at the back of Spottiswoode, where they measured out a mile. Mrs. David Wauchope, with her knitting, and Andrew, watch in hand, sat on a knowe by the roadside and timed her. She was well into her third hour when Mrs. Spottiswoode, hearing what was going on, and afraid she might hurt herself, sent my grandmother with orders to stop her at once; but her task was so nearly over, her sister had not the heart to interfere, so let her win her bet in peace.

In those days Spottiswoode was nearly all moorland. The woods which embosom it now were just being planted, and constant war was waged between the young Spottiswoodes and Mr.

Black, the Laird's factotum, who would have liked to drain every spring and bit of bog in the place. Specially favourite spots were only rescued by a bower being made by the threatened spring, or beneath the doomed tree. That is the reason of the many summer-houses scattered through the woods, which in most cases have outlived even the memory of their origin.

My great-grandfather did a great deal for Spottiswoode. A few fine trees stood round the old house, and edged the approach from the west. Otherwise it was all bog, or wind-swept grass parks reclaimed from the moor When my great-grand mother was first married she could see the London coaches running up and down the great North road, two miles off. Between it and Spottiswoode now stand acres and acres of thick woodland, all planted by the Laird. He built the new house, laid out the terrace, made the lake, and planted the woods which surround and shelter the different parks. Hearing that Sir Henry

Stuart had invented a method of moving trees by means of a simple application of the leverage principle, he sent a number of his men to Allanton to learn "jankering," and by this method moved trees of great size into the Lawn Park. In a few months he transformed it from a bare undulating meadow into its present state. Nearly all the clumps of fine trees that ornament it were moved when full grown, and so successful was he that many of his neighbours followed his example, and improved their places as quickly and effectively.

The Laird was a very remarkable man. He had been bred to the law, and before his marriage had travelled a great deal. To a calm, well-balanced mind he added great exercise of common sense. His own property was admirably managed, and through the whole of his long life his advice was constantly sought by others. A deep and enduring affection subsisted between him and my great-grandmother; and as they each had many brothers and sisters, Spottiswoode was the centre

of a large and happy family circle, and a second home to many of them. The Laird's favourite brother, "the Colonel," who had fought through the Peninsular War in the 52nd, and had been severely wounded at Badajos, lived with his unmarried sister, "Miss Mary," at Gladswood, by the Tweed, not many miles away, and they both were constantly at Spottiswoode.

There was less of flying about to distant lands seventy years ago, but there was a great deal of very pleasant coming and going nearer home; and when every one journeyed in their own carriage, it was as easy to stay two or three days in passing a friend's door, as to pay a hurried visit now between two trains. Lady John and her sister thought nothing of putting a change into their saddle-bags and riding across the hills to Yester or to Newbyth. Mrs. Spottiswoode's mother had been a Baird of Newbyth, and all that immense cousinhood of Bairds, Kennedys, Gordons, and Hope Johnstones were closely knit together, and con-

stantly staying with one another. Among the happiest memories of Lady John's girlish days were the visits to Ferntower, where their grand-uncle, the famous General, Sir David Baird, spent the last years of his life; to Raehills, where in her cousin, Anne Hope Johnstone, she found a kindred spirit, as romantic and as full of poetry as herself; and, best loved of all, to Newbyth, which was like a second home. Mrs. Spottiswoode and Lady Anne Baird had always been more like sisters than cousins, and it was under Lady Anne's care that Lady John and her sister went to their first ball,—a race-ball at Kelso.

My grandmother's marriage to Sir Hugh Hume Campbell in 1834 made no break in the happy family circle. He had been her playmate from childhood, and her brothers' companion at Eton. The sisters were devoted to each other, and as Marchmont was only ten miles from Spottiswoode, there was no real separation, and Alicia was as often at one place as at the other. It was at

Marchmont in these early happy days that she wrote the song by which she will always be best known. Her own account of Annie Laurie given many years after to her old friend, Lord Napier, was as follows :—

"I made the tune very long ago to an absurd ballad, originally Norwegian, I believe, called 'Kempie Kaye,' and once, before I was married, I was staying at Marchmont, and fell in with a collection of Allan Cunningham's poetry. I took a fancy to the words of 'Annie Laurie,' and thought they would go well to the tune I speak of. I didn't quite like the words, however, and I altered the verse, 'She's backit like a peacock,' to what it is now, and made the third verse ('Like dew on the gowan lying') myself, only for my own amusement; but I was singing it, and Hugh Campbell and my sister Maggie liked it, and I accordingly wrote it down for them."

On the 16th of March, 1836, she married Lord John Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's only brother.

They were married in the drawing-room at Spottiswoode on my great-grandmother's birthday, and they drove to Bowhill that afternoon. It was such a late cold spring they were nearly snowed-up there, and, curiously enough, the snow came so early the following autumn, that in October they had to cut through drifts to get up to Spottiswoode from Cowdenknowes, their first married home.

They spent two years at Cowdenknowes, and at one moment thought of buying it, but it was not wild enough country for their taste. Cawston, the place in Warwickshire which Lord John had inherited from his grandmother, the Duke of Montagu's daughter, was at the time of his marriage in a most dilapidated state, the old house having been allowed to go to ruin. Bit by bit it was rebuilt and added to, a garden cut out of a fox covert and a copse-wood, and by degrees Cawston became an enchanting spot, unlike anything else in the

world. It was always an unconventional place. To reach it from Rugby, you turned off across the fields along a farm road barred with many gates, and eventually you found yourself in the stable-yard, into which the front door opened and the dining-room windows looked. At one time there was a much better way in through the park from the Dunchurch side, but when Lady John enlarged the garden, she took in this road, and as personally she always preferred driving over the grass, she never troubled to make a new approach, with the result that would-be visitors were occasionally found wandering round and round the place, unable to find an entrance. Lady John was not a great gardener, in the modern sense of the word, but she knew exactly what effects she wanted, and what flowers she wished to see, and somehow she managed to get them. The garden at Cawston was always my idea of a "pleasaunce," with its green walks, its shady bowers, its pond (where as children we never tired of fishing), and its mixture

of fruit-trees, flower-borders, gooseberry bushes, asparagus beds (in which the ruddy sheldrakes spent most of their time), and unexpected little gardens in odd corners of the wood. I never knew any one so fond of building bowers in all the woods. Even far-away spots like Hall-oaks and Nuneham Regis had their "Polmoodie" and "Lady Audrey's Bower," where she used constantly to go and drink tea. But though she could not live anywhere without making the most of a place, and leaving her special impress on it, she never really cared for England, and her heart was always in the North.

Lord John was in Parliament when they first married, as Member for Roxburghshire, and as my grandfather, Sir Hugh, then represented Berwickshire, both sisters found themselves in London for part of the summer. My grandmother had a house in Portland Place, and enjoyed herself thoroughly, which was more than Lady John did. She went to London as seldom

as she could, and then lived at the "Clarendon" for a few days at a time. The only thing she really liked in London was the Opera. My grandmother always had a box, and one night, when unable to go herself, she lent it to her sister, telling her a new singer was to make her début. That singer was Grisi, and I have often heard Lady John relate how she took the house by storm.

Except for these few weeks in London the life she led with Lord John was exactly the one to suit her. They loved the same wild country and open-air pursuits. Their Scotch home was always within easy distance of Spottiswoode; first Cowdenknowes (from 1836 to 1839), then Newton Don till 1841, and then Stichill till 1853. After that, except for a short time at Wool, they were either at Cawston, Kirkbank, or Caroline Park, when not at Spottiswoode.

There was no variety of out-of-door sport to which Lord John was not passionately devoted. Besides hunting with his brother's hounds, when

he first married he kept a pack of harriers in the heart of the Duke's country, with which he occasionally hunted the fox as well, and woke great wrath in the mind of old "Will," the Duke's huntsman, though the good-natured Duke only laughed. From Kirkbank he fished the Tweed and every stream that ran into it, and many were the happy nights spent in "burning the water," a forbidden pleasure to this generation! There was a strong dash of the old freebooting Border blood in Lord John. He had a great feeling as to living and letting live, and more than a sneaking sympathy for those on whom the modern restrictions of law pressed heavily. He was never hard on poachers. Gipsies always found in him and in Lady John steady and warm-hearted protectors; and he even went so far as once at Blair—during the time that he and the Duke of Buccleuch rented the forest—to secretly renew the whole plant of an illicit still, which had been seized and destroyed by the Excise officers.

Racing was the only one of his pursuits that Lady John never liked, or took much interest in. She used to name his horses. The Reiver (the best two-year-old of his year), Hobbie Noble (who ought to have won the Derby but for foul play), Windhound (the sire of Thormanby), Elthiron, and many others, all owed their names to her choice, but she rarely saw them run.

She was a bad sailor, but she liked yachting, especially in and out of the sheltered sea-lochs of the west coast, and she was constantly on board the *Lufra* and the *Flower of Yarrow*. She never went on any of the rougher or more distant expeditions with Lord John. Of his companions there, my uncle, Lord Haddington, is now the last survivor. They once spent a summer at Beaulieu, in the New Forest, yachting along the south coast, but she disliked its relaxing climate, and much preferred their usual yachting quarters at Caroline Park, close to Granton.

In 1839 came her first great sorrow. My grand-

mother, who had never been strong, developed great delicacy of chest, and was ordered to winter abroad. On their way to Italy, she and Sir Hugh stopped in Paris at the Hôtel Bristol; and, without knowing it, were put into rooms from which a case of scarlet fever had just been moved. My grandmother caught it, and died a few days later. The news of her illness and death reached home almost simultaneously, and was the most terrible shock. Her only child, my mother, had been left at Spottiswoode during her absence, and in the agony of their sorrow, my great-grandparents could not bear to part with her—and so for the next thirteen years she lived entirely with them. My grandmother seems to have had a presentiment that she would never come back. Lady John found out afterwards that she had separately pointed out to both husband and sister the spot in Polwarth Churchyard where she wished to lie; and many other little things as well came back to their minds, which showed she had felt she was leaving

them for ever. To Lady John it was like losing part of herself. The lines she wrote at that time show how deeply she felt it. Nothing ever filled up the blank, though as years passed on my mother became more and more her companion. Lord and Lady John never had any children, so my mother was the one young thing in that closely-knit family circle.

There is not much to tell about those days, for though full of home interests, they were lived away from the world, and almost entirely among friends and relations. One of the few incidents which stand out is the Queen's visit to Scotland in 1842. The Royal party arrived sooner than was expected. Not only did they take the Lord Provost and Bailies of Edinburgh by surprise by landing at Granton at an early hour of the morning; but they drove out to Dalkeith by one road while the Duke and Duchess were hurrying into Edinburgh by the other, and found nobody at Dalkeith to receive them but Lady John and old Lady Cawdor. The Queen

and Prince Albert spent nearly a week at Dalkeith, and while there the Queen held the only Drawing-room ever held by her out of London. She stood at the end of the long gallery, and beheld some very funny scenes, caused by the ignorance of court-etiquette, on the part of some of the loyal subjects who thronged to pay their respects. Among the guests in the house was the then young Duchess of Roxburghe, and it was noticed how the Queen by preference always sent for her to come and sit by her after dinner, and with what pleasure she talked to her. Thus began one of the most enduring friendships of the Queen's life.

Lady John was at both the *Bals poudrés* that were given at Buckingham Palace. At one the whole Court, headed by the Queen and Prince Albert, danced a polonaise through all the State apartments. The other ball was a revival of the '45, just a hundred years before; and to that Lady John went dressed as the Lady of Moy, after the well-known print. But the incident of Court life

she was fondest of describing was the visit of the Prince and Princess of Parma to Bowhill. They had been driven from home by the revolution of 1848, and for the second time in her life the Princess found a refuge in Scotland. In 1830 she had lived at Holyrood with her grandfather Charles X., and her brother, the little Duc de Bordeaux. This time she came with her husband and her children, "Piccolo Bobbi" and "Bella Megga" (in after years the unhappy Duchess of Madrid). Lady John said the Princess was the most lovable creature in the world, very pretty, so perfectly natural, and talking the prettiest broken English. When they played cards, if anybody dawdled or was undecided, she used to say, "It is a beautiful thing to be quick!" One night they had waxworks. Lord John was showman, and the Duke a country bumpkin who had come to see the show. Lady John was Queen Pomare, with a black crape mask closely stretched over her face and neck; and the Princess said, "Make me

and fatigue of those long nights of watching, and that this started the rheumatism and sciatica from which he latterly suffered so much; but it is more than likely that long hours of lying on wet moors waiting for wild-geese, and nights spent on the river in dripping clothes, had something to say to it. Willie Scott, the old Birgham fisherman, told me that many and many a time he had been out all night with Lord John "burning the water," and that when morning came he had seen him lie down at the bottom of the boat to snatch a few moments' sleep, with the damp rising out of his clothes like steam as the rays of the sun touched him. His bad health was very much aggravated by breaking his leg out hunting near Bowhill in the 'Fifties; and from that time he was never quite himself again. Both he and Lady John went through a time of great anxiety during the Crimean War. They had many relations at the front, among them Lord John's favourite nephew, Horace Cust. He was killed in the battle of the Alma; but his dog

Romeo, which had been left in Lady John's care, remained her inseparable companion till laid in his last resting-place, under the great apple-tree at Cawston.

Christmas Day, 1859, found Lady John at Spottiswoode, expecting Lord John every day to join her from Cawston, and not realising in the least how ill he was. He got suddenly worse. She was summoned in haste, and only reached him a day or two before the end. The Duke and Francis Cust were there already, and did everything in their power to help her, and my mother went off to her at once; but it was a most terrible time, and her grief was beyond description. In spite of his constant illnesses, she never seems to have realised that she might lose him. Thus there was no preparation to soften the shock.

From that time Spottiswoode became more and more her home, especially after her brother Andrew's death left her the last of that happy band of brothers and sisters which had played there

long ago. The Laird died in 1866, at the great age of eighty-seven, but with his mind and his faculties clear and active to the last. Only a short time before his death Lady John found him reading *Blackwood's Magazine*, with its then close print, quite unconscious that his spectacles were perched on the top of his head. He left Spottiswoode to my great-grandmother for her life, and then to Lady John, before letting it pass to the descendants of his son, Andrew. Thus, though one by one all those she had loved were, in the course of her long life, taken from her, still she never knew the bitterness of leaving a beloved home, and of only seeing in dreams the spots that are dearest on earth. To a nature like her's this would have been drinking the cup of sorrow to its bitterest dregs—and this she was spared. To the last the wind-swept moors, the rushy fields, and far-reaching woods of her old home were hers; and latterly she never left them except for her annual journey to the far North, and her duty-dictated visits to Cawston.

Reading over an old letter of her's the other day, I came on such a characteristic passage. She wrote from Spottiswoode, having just arrived from Cawston, and on the eve of departure to the Highlands:—

"I came from solitude, I arrived to solitude, and I go to solitude, but *Io pæan*, I am in Scotland again!"

This intense devotion to Scotland was one of her strongest feelings. It occurs in her songs over and over again; and in everyday life how often have I heard her say in joke—but a joke that covered a real truth—"I would rather live in a pig-sty in Scotland than in a palace in England!" She was fond, in a way, of Cawston from its associations with Lord John, and she did her duty by her dependents in Warwickshire most generously and ungrudgingly; but leaving Scotland to go there was always an effort and like a task that she set herself, and to the last coming back to Spottiswoode was the greatest joy she knew. I

remember so well her saying once, as we drove back from Westruther by the Flass road, "Heaven won't seem heaven if I don't see those benty fields and tufts of rushes there!" Dearly as she loved both the Highlands and the Cheviots, her deepest affections were centred in the glens and streams of Lammermuir.

Next to the love of Scotland came the love of her own people. Blood and kinship appealed to her far more strongly than did any ordinary friendship,—and this feeling became intensified as years passed on, till latterly her affections and interests seldom reached beyond her own and Lord John's family circles. The Baillies of Mellerstain and the Pringles of Stichill were almost the only great friends that were not also relations; but they had been friends and neighbours from childhood, and to the last Lady John and Lady Aberdeen kept up the old intimacy, which only ended with Lady John's death. She made an exception also for the Sutherland family, but the Duchess's father,

"Cromartie," had been like a brother to herself and Lord John, and the Duchess and her children always called her "Aunt Alicia." Till troubles gathered thick round Dunrobin and everything became so changed, she went there every autumn on her way back from Caithness. She enjoyed those visits and the people she met, though at first she was apt to be very silent and "génée" with strangers. She was very shy in general society—curiously so, considering how much more clever and original she was than ninety-nine people out of a hundred,—but after Lord John's death she felt very forlorn at going anywhere by herself, and shrank into her shell. As long as he was alive and there to back her up, nobody had enjoyed society more, or shone in it more brilliantly; and, to the last, in her own home, with her own people round her, no one could be more amusing. She had the keenest sense of humour, the readiest wit, and delighted in a passage of arms, even though the laugh might go against herself. She never resented

a fair attack, but she generally had the best of it. She was a clever caricaturist, and never tired of making fun of any subject that hit her fancy, till her victims sometimes accused her of being merciless. Nothing pleased her more than a mystification or a practical joke, even at her own expense, and she would be the first to laugh at it. To children she was half fairy-godmother, half the most delightful of companions. As long as they were plucky and spoke the truth she never minded what they did. She had no small fidgets about torn clothes, wet feet, getting into mischief, or being late for lessons. No wonder we adored her, and thought going out with her the greatest of treats. She was as keen about everything as we were; and her wonderful imagination made her stories unlike any others. She never talked down to children, but seemed always to take for granted, that whatever she was interested in, we cared about too. She was very fond of repeating poetry, and many a speech from Shakespeare or from Pope's *Iliad* we learnt from

her lips. Then she had a way of originating the most delightful surprises. At Caroline Park a message would mysteriously come that a ship had been wrecked in the Firth, and its cargo washed up on the rocks below the house. Off we would dash, to find that the rocks were indeed strewn with every sort of treasure — books, work-cases, knives, and curiosities of every kind. Another day the report would be that Granton Castle was held by robbers; and when we had fought our way in and dispersed the enemy (her servants disguised), it was to find that in their hasty flight they had left untold treasures in the vaults and dungeons. I don't quite know how much we believed it all, but there was a hazy air of romance about the whole thing, and the gifts received in this way gave far more pleasure than most people's humdrum presents.

My first recollections of Lady John begin soon after Lord John's death. I see her walking down the Lady's Walk at Spottiswoode, with her scarlet

shawl pinned closely over her shoulders, and wearing doeskin gloves with vandyked gauntlets, copied from a hawking glove of Queen Mary's. The outward signs of mourning said very little to her. She never wore crape or a widow's cap; and though her gown might very likely be black, she wore any shawl that happened to be handy. She could not bear the idea that because any one was dead they were no longer part of her life, and must be shut out of sight; and she never wilfully did anything to break the continuity between the days that had been, and the days that were now. The feeling that the last page was turned and the book put away on the shelf was abhorrent to her, and she would make any excuse to avoid it. Whenever Lord John had been away from her on any of his cruises, she had been in the habit of writing journal letters to him, though often he never got them till his return; and after his death, as long as she kept a journal at all, she went on keeping it in the same form. At Cawston his hats and

sticks lay in the hall for forty years after his death, just as they had lain during his lifetime; and at Spottiswoode his dressing-room remained exactly as he had left it, till the remodelling of the upper story altered all those rooms. But there was no morbidness in this clinging to the past. She would give away anything of his to us, or to any one else to whom it might be a pleasure; and though her mother's rooms at Spottiswoode were kept just as if she might come back at any moment, it never prevented her letting us use them. She always talked freely of those who were gone, quoted their sayings, and was as much guided by what they liked and approved of, as if they were still here.

As years crept on, the past became more and more to her, and she loved to dwell on it and tell us stories of old days; and then as the end drew nearer, more and more she looked forward to the meeting with those she had loved and lost long ago. *Non amittuntur, sed præmittuntur*, were the

words she had inscribed over my grandmother's picture; and on the sundial, which she placed in the garden at Cawston in memory of Lord John, was the motto, "United in Time. Parted in Time. To be reunited when Time shall be no more." These words express exactly what she felt. All through her poems, and especially in those of the last few years, the same thought recurs. Religion had never been an empty form to her or any of her's. Her own faith was warm and strong. She had been brought up, and always remained, a member of the Episcopalian Church of Scotland, but at Spottiswoode she went regularly to the Established Church at Westruther. She was particular that her household should attend church regularly, and a cart used to be provided on Sundays for any of the older women on the place for whom the two-mile walk to Westruther was too far; but there was no narrowness in her views, and any English servants were always sent at Christmas and Easter to the Episcopal Church at Kelso.

She herself always spent Christmas and Easter at Dalkeith or Bowhill, wherever her brother-in-law, the Duke of Buccleuch, might be. After his death she came to us for Christmas, and then latterly she never left home except for her yearly visit to Cawston, or the holiday in the Highlands, which was her great delight.

From 1870, the year that she lost her mother, to the summer preceding her own death, she went every year to Thurso. Most people thought it an uninteresting little town, with flat cultivated country unrelieved by a single tree lying behind it; but the air suited her, and she loved bathing in the strong salt waters of the Pentland Firth, and delighted in the bold coast-line. Every summer her sketch-books were filled with fresh views of Scrabster, Dunnet Head, and Sinclair Bay, her favourite resorts. The many prehistoric remains that are scattered about Caithness were objects for her daily drives, and she made several very interesting explorations. I don't believe there was

a Pict's house within twenty miles of Thurso she had not visited. From Thurso she went many times to Orkney and twice to Shetland, and the interest she took in these far-away islands showed itself in very practical ways. Having been told that the Fair Islanders suffered greatly under the Truck system, she fitted out and gave them a schooner, *The Deasil*, big enough to carry their fish to the markets at Kirkwall and Lerwick; and only a few weeks ago I heard that, thanks to the independent footing on which this gift had placed them, the old tyranny had been swept away and much happier times had come to the Fair Isle.

There being no fences in Orkney, and very few in the more inland districts of Caithness, the sheep and cattle are herded by the women and children; the women generally with their knitting in their hands, the children doing nothing. Having noticed this, Lady John began tying up packets of books—generally a story-book, with some hymns, and devotional readings in large print—and taking

them out in the carriage with her. As she drove along, she threw them from the window to these patient watchers as she passed. These books were dearly prized, and children would come running from far at the sight of her carriage, in hopes of a packet. I don't think she ever went into a cottage without leaving a book of some sort behind her, to say nothing of other gifts. No one was more generous to the poor, or more thoughtful in her generosity; and though her own dependents came first, her charity reached very far and went into all sorts of unexpected byways. She had a great pity for idiots, or for any whose deformities of mind and body set them, as it were, aside from their fellow-creatures, and she had no personal shrinking from them. If it had not been for the remonstrances of her bailiff, she was quite prepared to give a house, and indeed had written the letter offering it, to the poor man with the elephant face, who died eventually in the London Hospital, and whose story woke her liveliest pity. Had he come she would have

visited him as regularly as she did all her poorer neighbours.

It is very difficult in a slight sketch like this to give any idea of her wit and originality, and the amusing things she said and did, without conveying a wrong impression. Related by themselves such stories would suggest an idea of great eccentricity, whereas in their proper setting as part of her daily life, they were the expression of a keen sense of humour joined to a strong and vigorous personality. She was not eccentric. She was too honest, too straightforwardly simple, and too dignified; but she held decided views on most subjects, and she always had the courage of her opinions. I never met any one more indifferent to the opinion of the world in general. She had no patience with shams or affectations of any kind; but though her own vigorous health sometimes made her hard on what she called "molly-coddling," nobody could be kinder or more thoughtful in any real illness or suffering. Strangers often thought her alarming;

but that was partly caused by her own shyness. Those who were not afraid of her got on with her at once.

She had one quality which would have marked her out from any one else, had it not been so peculiarly a part of herself that one ceased to notice it. For want of a better name, I must call it "good taste," though that does not convey half of what I mean. It was a peculiar sense of proportion, or of the fitness of things which showed itself in every action. If she laid out a garden, if she planned a walk winding through a wood,—if she designed the setting for a jewel, or the frame of a picture,—even down to a little thing like choosing a wall-paper, in every instance she had the knack of hitting on exactly the right thing. Her ideas were so original, that the same result would never have been attained by any one else; and yet when the thing was finished, you could not imagine its existence in any other or better form. The curious part was that she could so impress her ideas on others, that

with very little apparent exertion on her own part she got exactly the effect she wanted. The same sense of the fitness of things followed her everywhere. She never made a *mal-à-propos* remark; and though her dress might be old-fashioned and very simple in kind, her shawl was drawn round her shoulders, and her little black ribbon bow knotted beneath her chin, with a distinction which belonged to her alone.

Born and brought up amongst those to whom loyalty to the Stuarts had meant exile and personal loss, she was a Jacobite to the backbone. As a child she had talked with those who had talked with Prince Charles face to face; and all the ardent loyalty of her nature went out to her exiled kings. The natural turn of her mind, as well as her early associations, led her to dwell on the past, and her imagination reconstructed it so vividly that it was the same feeling of personal loyalty to the Prince which had impelled her grandfather to risk everything in his service, that with her found

voice in her songs. All her life she had treasured up everything connected with the Royal House: pictures, prints, books, and personal relics. It seems almost paradoxical to say that with all this ardent devotion to the Stuarts, and hatred of their Hanoverian successors, the Queen had no more loyal subject, were it not that the Queen herself was almost as strong in her Jacobite leanings as Lady John.

Her love for the things of the past existed from her childhood, when she used to collect and write down the traditionary songs and stories told her in the cottages at Spottiswoode. Many an old song and tune were thus rescued from oblivion. Old customs lingered under her protecting care long after they had disappeared everywhere else. The corn was always cut with a shearing-hook at Spottiswoode, and I can even remember having seen it threshed with flails in the big barn. I have already spoken of her love for archæology. In the Eagle Hall she had gathered together a very

good collection of local antiquities, from clay urns and flint arrowheads down to beautifully wrought bronze axes and spear-heads. The knowledge that she would always reward the finder of anything curious saved many a thing which would otherwise have been tossed aside and lost, and kept up the interest of the countryside in antiquities long before local societies for that purpose were thought of. "Haud fast by the past" was one of her favourite mottoes, and expresses her better than pages of description.

She was a great reader, and blessed with a retentive memory, but she was by no means omnivorous in her choice. History and travels were what she liked best, especially travels in the Arctic Regions or in the East. Then came scientific books, particularly any dealing with her favourite subject, archæology; also books on gypsies, folklore, superstitions, or any of the curious byways of knowledge. She rarely read a novel, unless it was historical, and then it required to be written by

some one of the same way of thinking as herself; but when by a rare chance she did take a fancy to a novel, she liked it very much. If she was tired or not well, she would refresh herself with one of Sir Walter's, and to the end of her life she went back to the Waverley Novels with fresh and unending delight. *The Antiquary* was perhaps her favourite; and she often quoted old Elspeth's death-scene as one of the finest pieces of tragedy that had ever been written. She was a great lover of poetry, and knew so much by heart, and cared for so many different poems, that it is difficult to say she liked one special poet better than another—though I think Byron gave her most pleasure. Few or none of the later poets of the nineteenth century appealed to her. She found them obscure and confused; and even when their thoughts were beautiful, their language and rhythm did not fulfil her idea of poetry. She liked things to be simple and direct—and that is what her own songs are. All her life it had come easy to her to clothe her

thoughts in verse. Her own and her sister's copy-books were full of childish songs and poems; and in later life—as will be seen by the verses in this volume—poetry was often the outlet for her deepest and strongest feelings. Her verse, like her music, was as spontaneous as the song of the bird on the bough. "It came to me and I wrote it down" was generally her answer when asked about any special song.

No one was more humble about her own performances. She was so unfeignedly pleased if any one liked a song she had made, and she was always willing to give it away. Her dislike of publicity was the reason so few have ever been printed. After the Crimean War she gave "Annie Laurie" and several others to Lonsdale to publish for a bazaar for the widows and orphans of soldiers who had been killed. Some more were published later for another charity, but most of her songs are still in the original MS. She copied with her own hand a complete set for her lifelong friend, the

late Lord Napier; and this collection lent to me by the Dowager Lady Napier has been of the greatest help in putting together the volume of Lady John's music which I hope to bring out very shortly.

Many years ago she made a very complete collection of old Scotch songs and tunes for her brother-in-law, the Duke, probably the most complete collection that exists. He was as much interested in everything of the kind as she was. They had many tastes in common, and from the first days of her marriage she found in him the kindest of brothers-in-law, and the most patient of friends. Lord John and the Duke were so fond of each other, that while Lord John lived, he and Lady John spent nearly as much time at Bowhill and Drumlanrig as in their own home. When Lord John was dying, the Duke hurried to Cawston and took everything on his own shoulders, so as to help Lady John in every possible way. From that time he was the person she always turned

to for advice and help on every emergency. He died at Bowhill in 1884 after a short illness brought on by a chill. Lady John was then at Spottiswoode, and with her usual dread of giving trouble or being in the way, refused to go and stay at Bowhill. At the same time she was too anxious and unhappy to sit at home waiting for telegrams; so day after day, in that cold sad March, she used to drive to Bowhill, getting there about midday, and then setting off again at night after dinner on her twenty-five mile drive home. Besides the grief it caused her, the Duke's death was a great loss in every way. He had never been too busy to answer her letters by the next post, or to go into any question that was worrying her; and all alone as she was, with the cares of a big property on her hands, she constantly needed help. She was too imaginative to be practical; and in spite of her native shrewdness, she never was a good woman of business. Her great kindness of heart, and dislike to think badly

of any one she had known for a long time, made it easy to deceive her; and though she could be very masterful in her management, and was always determined to have things as she liked them, she was often taken in and even robbed. After the Duke's death she leaned more on Colonel Cust's advice than on any other; but she was very independent, and generally settled things for herself.

Her days at Spottiswoode were always full. After breakfast she interviewed her various underlings, bailiff, keeper, grieve, etc. Then there was always work of some kind waiting for her out-of-doors: either plantations that wanted thinning, or (after the big blow-down of '81) woods that needed replanting, crops and stock to go round—for she had always two farms in her own hands—and endless poor or sick people to visit. Twice a year she went through the cottages belonging to every farm on the estate; and the way she remembered the people, their moves and their different histories and relationships, was extraordinary. To her own

people on Spottiswoode she was the kindest of mistresses and the pleasantest of neighbours, sitting for hours by their firesides, talking over all sorts of mutual interests. Hardly a day passed a few years ago, that she could not be seen, wrapped in her red shawl and followed by her pet deer Luath, wending her way to the Mill or to Eastside. Weather made very little difference to her. She enjoyed the wind and the rain dashing in her face, and till she was forbidden to run the risk of catching bad colds, never thought of staying in.

I never knew any one who loved the open air so entirely. Till quite within the last few years of her life she always breakfasted out of doors whenever it was possible—generally in a summer-house in the garden. She once had a very narrow escape there, for the lamp beneath the coffee upset, and the blazing spirits of wine fell on a floor made of little round sections of firwood, very dry and very inflammable. She was pinned in behind a heavy table, and quite alone ; but with the greatest

coolness, she poured the hot milk on the flames and put them out; and only afterwards discovered a big hole scorched in her dress. What she loved to do was to start off for a long day on the hills, driving so far, then walking over the rough bits, or perhaps exploring a glen too steep and narrow for the carriage, then rejoining it later on, never minding what time of night she got home again. In this way she had explored the whole of Lammermuir and the Moorfoots from Spottiswoode, and the whole of the Cheviots from Kirkbank. One never knew in what unexpected part of the country one might meet her, driving in the Whiteburn post-chaise with old Watty Park—who knew every hill-track and by-road—riding postilion. This was her favourite way of going about. She felt perfectly independent, as whenever occasion required, she would pick up a fresh pair of horses at the nearest inn; and I have known her in this way get over fifty or sixty miles of country before reaching home again. These long drives never tired her. What

ever the time of year, she always took her muff and a sketch-book with her. She drew very cleverly, and though her sketches were often little more than a few strokes of the pencil and a dash of colour, they always recalled the spirit of the place.

A year or two before her death she sprained her ankle very badly, and from that time she walked with two sticks. Otherwise she was wonderfully active, considering her great age. She never would give in. Her rooms were at the top of the house, up seven flights of steep stairs, but nothing would induce her to let herself be carried up. To the last few days of her life she was up at seven every morning, enjoying her cold bath, on which in winter she often boasted she had to break the ice. Her old age was full of dignity. She was very brave, and very uncomplaining. Her spirit was as keen and alert as ever, so that the trial of not being able to go here and there, and walk about as she had been used to do, must have been very great, but she

seldom spoke of it and she never murmured. In the same way, if she was ill, she bore it in silence. When the war broke out in 1899, she followed its fortunes with the deepest interest, but with many forebodings, for she remembered too many former wars in South Africa not to realise how serious the struggle was. It brought a great sorrow to her in General Wauchope's death; she had always been very fond of him, and of the younger generation of cousins he was the one most like her in ideas—the same intense devotion to Scotland and his home. She rejoiced when Lord Roberts was sent out, for he was the only soldier of modern times for whom she had any real admiration. All her military enthusiasms went back to the Duke of Wellington or to the heroes of the Mutiny, and she was generally inclined to compare the present unfavourably with the past.

The early days of 1900 found her wonderfully well, but as she was apt after the slightest chill to develop a bad cough, the doctor kept her

indoors as much as possible. It was a very cold spring, and in the beginning of March influenza broke out at Spottiswoode. It ran through the house, and she caught it, and from her great age she had not the strength to shake it off. She was only a few days ill. On Friday the 9th of March she was still in her sitting-room. Early on Monday the 12th she passed peacefully away, and on the sixty-fourth anniversary of her wedding-day, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, we laid her at rest in the old kirk at Westruther.

MARGARET WARRENDER.

March 1904.

PLACES

DURISDEER [1]

We'll meet nae mair at sunset, when the weary
day is dune,
Nor wander hame thegither, by the lee licht o' the
mune!
I'll hear your step nae longer amang the dewy
corn,
For we'll meet nae mair, my bonniest, either at eve
or morn.

The yellow broom is waving, abune the sunny brae,
And the rowan berries dancing, where the sparkling
waters play.

[1] "Durisdeer was a place at Drumlanrig that I always had a great fancy for. I made the song, I daresay, a year or two after I was married" (Letter from Lady John to Lord Napier).

Tho' a' is bright and bonnie, it's an eerie place to me,
For we'll meet nae mair, my dearest, either by burn or tree.

Far up into the wild hills, there's a kirkyard auld and still,
Where the frosts lie ilka morning, and the mists hang low and chill,
And there ye sleep in silence, while I wander here my lane,
Till we meet ance mair in Heaven, never to part again!

O MURMURING WATERS

O MURMURING waters!
Have ye no message for me?
Ye come from the hills of the west,
Where his step wanders free.
Did he not whisper my name?
Did he not utter one word?
And trust that its sound o'er the rush
Of thy streams might be heard.

O murmuring waters!
The sounds of the moorlands I hear,
The scream of the hern and the eagle,
The bell of the deer.

The rustling of heather and fern,
The shiver of grass on the lea,
The sigh of the wind from the hill,
Have ye no voice for me?

O murmuring waters!
Flow on, ye have no voice for me—
Bear the wild songs of the hills
To the depths of the sea.
Bright stream from the founts of the west,
Rush on, with thy music and glee.
O to be borne to my rest
In the cold waves with thee!

ETTRICK

When we first rade down Ettrick,
Our bridles were ringing, our hearts were dancing,
The waters were singing, the sun was glancing,
An' blithely our voices rang out thegither,
As we brushed the dew frae the blooming heather,
When we first rade down Ettrick.

When we next rade down Ettrick,
The day was dying, the wild birds calling,
The wind was sighing, the leaves were falling,
An' silent an' weary, but closer thegither,
We urged our steeds thro' the faded heather,
When we next rade down Ettrick.

When I last rade down Ettrick,

The winds were shifting, the storm was waking,

The snow was drifting, my heart was breaking,

For we never again were to ride thegither,

In sun or storm on the mountain heather,

When I last rade down Ettrick.

LAMMERMUIR

O WILD and stormy Lammermuir!
Would I could feel once more,
The cold north wind, the wintry blast,
That sweeps thy mountains o'er!
Would I could see thy drifted snow,
Deep, deep in cleuch and glen;
And hear the scream of the wild birds,
And be free on thy hills again!

I hate this dreary southern land!
I weary day by day
For the music of thy many streams
In the birchwoods far away.

From all I love they banish me,
But my thoughts they cannot chain;
And *they* bear me back, wild Lammermuir,
To thy distant hills again.

THE COMIN' O' THE SPRING

THERE'S no a muir in my ain land but's fu' o' sang the day,
Wi' the whaup, and the gowden plover, and the lintie upon the brae.
The birk in the glen is springin', the rowan-tree in the shaw,
And every burn is rinnin' wild wi' the meltin' o' the snaw.

The wee white cluds in the blue lift are hurryin' light and free,
Their shadows fleein' on the hills, where I, too, fain wad be;

The wind frae the west is blawin', and wi' it seems
to bear
The scent o' the thyme and gowan thro' a' the
caller air.

The herd doon the hillside's linkin'. O licht his
heart may be
Whose step is on the heather, his glance ower muir
and lea!
On the Moss are the wild ducks gatherin', whar
the pules like diamonds lie,
And far up soar the wild geese, wi' weird, unyirdly
cry.

In mony a neuk the primrose lies hid frae stranger
e'en,

An' the broom on the knowes is wavin' wi' its cludin o' gowd and green;

Ower the first green sprigs o' heather, the muir-fowl faulds his wing,

And there's nought but joy in my ain land at the comin' o' the Spring!

A LAMMERMUIR LILT[1]

HAPPY is the craw
That builds its nest on Trottenshaw,
An' drinks o' the waters o' Dye;
For nae mair may I!

Blythe may the muir-cock craw
On the moors abune Scaurlaw,
'Mang the heather blooms he'll flee;
But there nae mair will I be!

It's wal for the plovers that big
On the bonnie leas o' Whinrigg,

[1] First verse traditional, the rest by Lady John Scott.

An' whistle on the Rawburn stane;
But I'll never be there again!

The hare may rin merry eneuch
On the braes o' Horsupcleuch,
Where the broom grows lang and fair;
But I'll never see it mair!

Blest are the trout whose doom
In the Water o' Watch to soom,
An' in the Twinlaw Ford to play;
But awa frae it I maun gae.

The tod may be happier still,
On the back o' the Twinlaw hill,
'Mang the bonnie moss-hags to hide
But there I maunna bide!

KILPAULET BRAE[1]

I HAVE seen the last wave of the plume in her cap
Vanish over the brae;
I have heard the last ring of her horse's hoofs
On the hillside die away.

With that sight and that sound went the light of a life,
And the hope of a breaking heart;
I may turn my horse's head and ride,
For our fortunes lie far apart.

I forded the river at break of day,
The world was joyous and fair;

[1] Kilpaulet Brae is in the heart of Lammermuir, at a place called the Lone Mile, near the Fastney Water.

My hope was as high as the heaven above,
And my heart like the summer air.

I shall ford it again in the twilight grey,
'Mid the wind and the water's roar;
But never, while life and breath remain,
Will I cross that river more.

COMING BACK TO SPOTTISWOODE

I SEE the glittering hills, an' the snawy braes again,
I feel the blinding snawdrift come shrieking up the glen,
I see the line of dark fir-wood, out ower the edge ance mair,
An' the yellow bents, an' the heather tops, where the wind has blawn it bare.
O glorious sights! O blissful sounds! I've been ower lang awa',
It gars my very heart dance to be back amang ye a'!

A RIDE OVER LAMMERMUIR

They are sweeping over the Earnscleuch hill,
Where the silver mist hangs thin and still.
Their horses' hoofs from the heather flowers
Scatter the bloom in purple showers,
The moor-cock flies with sudden spring
From their swift approach on his startled wing,
Onwards they rush—far to the right
Edgarhope's [1] dark forests fringe the height.
And now they wind their rapid way
Down a rocky pathway worn and grey
Which brings them to the mossy side
Of Blythe's wild water, dark and wide.
A hollow plunge and the struggling shock
Of the iron on the slippery rock,

[1] Pronounced "Eagrope."

And their horses spring on the grassy ledge
That slopes to the water's southern edge.
With drooping head and slackened rein
Up the steep mountain side they strain,
Each sinew stretched, each nostril wide,
Impatient in their fiery pride,
Gasping with eagerness they stop
At length upon its craggy top.
One moment's pause and their riders' gaze
Has marked the track through the glittering haze,
And with noiseless tread o'er the marshy plain,
And the measured ring of the bridle chain,
They bound with motion light and free
As the dancing waves on a summer sea.
They have crossed the moss, they are standing now
On Gairmoor Edge, whose rugged brow

Frowns on those shadowy hills, that stand
The boundary of a stranger land.
They little know on Cheviot's side,
Who mark that barrier dark and wide,
What fairy scenes its bleak crags hide.
Oh, many a vale lies calm and fair
With peaceful waters murmuring there,
And many a wild and lonely wood
Where the old grey-hen leads forth her brood,
And many a green and sunny glade
Where in the tall fern's fragrant shade
The fox and hare their homes have made.
Even as they reached the Gairmoor's side,
The veil of mist, that far and wide
Hung dimly over hill and lea,
Rose slowly upwards—they could see

From woodland green and moorland grey
T'was stealing silently away,
Till over Cheviot's wildest height
It vanished from their dazzled sight.
A glorious scene beneath them spread
A flood of golden light was shed
On all the valley wide and green
That stretched those distant hills between ;
And waves of sunshine seemed to roll
O'er tangled wood and mossy knoll.
Long was the rapturous gaze they cast
In silence round—too bright to last,
That glittering light was fading fast,
Mellowed and softened down and still,
It settled over glen and hill.

A DISREGARDED INVITATION FROM THE CHEVIOTS

THE Tev'ot heads hae raised a sang
An' the wastlan' wind's borne it alang,
An' the note's ta'en up by the streams o' Rule,
An' the Ousenam Water frae pule to pule;
An' the Kale and Bowmont's joined loud and shrill
An' sent the strain ower Halterburn hill
To the linns o' College, where wild and deep
Th' exultin' tones ower the Border sweep.
The snaws hae melted frae howe and glen,
The primrose keeks up in the Cocklaw Den,
The gowans lie white upon Hownam Law
An' the bracken is green in Henwoodie Shaw.

The plovers are whistlin' o'er moss an' lea,

The gled soars high, and the tod rins free;

We, only, are sad amid a' this glee.

O come frae the hills an' ower the sea,

For our heart is weary wi' pinin' for thee!

THE BOUNDS O' CHEVIOT

Shall I never see the bonnie banks o' Kale again?
Nor the dark craigs o' Hownam Law?
Nor the green dens o' Chatto, nor Twaeford's mossy stane,
Nor the birks upon Philogar Shaw?
Nae mair! Nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never watch the breakin' o' the simmer day
Ower the shouther o' the Deer Buss height,

When the Stainchel, and the Mote, and the
flowery Bughtrigg brae
Redden slowly, wi' the mornin' light?
Nae mair! Nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never wander lanely, when the gloamin' fa's
And the wild birds flutter to their rest,
Ower the lang heathery muir, to the bonnie
Brunden laws
Standin' dark against the glitter o' the West?
Nae mair! Nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never ride the mossy braes o' Heatherhope
mair?
Shall I never see the Fairlone burn?

Nor the wild heights o' Hindhope, wi' its corries
green and fair
And the waters trinklin' down, amang the fern?
Nae mair! Nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

Shall I never win the marches at the Coquet head,
Thro' the mists and the driftin' snaw?
Nor the dark doors o' Cottenshope, nor the quiet
springs o' Rede,
Glintin' bright across the Border, far awa?
Nae mair! Nae mair!
I shall never see the bounds o' Cheviot mair!

HISTORICAL

ILDICO'S LAMENT FOR ATTILA[1]

Fain would I lay me down beside thee,
O gallant and brave!
Black death alone from me could divide thee,
There is no love in the grave.
Attila! Attila! Do not forget!
In Heaven I shall meet thee yet.

Coldly and stilly art thou sleeping,
And my agony is vain,
Nothing replies to my bitter weeping,
But the wind and the driving rain.

[1] Ildico was the beautiful wife of Attila, King of the Huns, who expired suddenly on their wedding night (see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*).

Attila! Attila! Do not forget!
In Heaven I shall meet thee yet.

Wildly the boldest fled before thee,
And thy path was desolate.
One breaking heart is watching o'er thee,
Mourning thine early fate.
Attila! Attila! Do not forget!
In Heaven I shall meet thee yet.

JAMES THE FIFTH'S REMORSE

In bitter grief, abandoned and alone,
My name disgraced, and Scotland's honour gone,
I mourn my ill-spent life, my wretched fate,
I *do* repent--Repentance comes too late!
O my brave borderers, had I been true,
And as you trusted me, so trusted you,
I ne'er had seen the shame of Fala's day,
You would have followed when *I* led the way.
And she, as pure in heart, as fair in face,
The noblest daughter of a noble race,[1]
Doomed by my petty jealousy to die--
I saw her tortures with unpitying eye.

[1] Lady Glamis.

I saw her stand with firm undaunted mien,
With faith unshaken, and with brow serene ;
One word of mine had set the prisoner free,
One word restored to home and liberty,
One word had told her coward foes they lied
—That word I spoke not, and my victim died.
Remorse avails not, and my grief is vain,
I cannot summon her to life again.
My friend of early days, trusty and tried,
Gentle and kind, when all were harsh beside ;[1]
You—I neglected, spurned and saw depart
To die, as I die—of a broken heart.
There is a crime, the blackest and the last
Which weighs me downwards, more than all the past,

[1] Graystiel (Douglas of Kilspindie).

Which doomed the best and bravest of my bands
To meet their death, at cruel England's hands.
There was one faithful man of high degree,[1]
Valiant and wise, revered by all but me;
He could our arms to victory have led,
And bowed the pride of England's haughty head,
Had I not blindly, to my foul disgrace,
Raised up a worthless caitiff in his place.
My ill-starred men! your blood is on my head,
The foe came on—the dastard villain fled.
Ages of suffering could not still my pain,
Nor all the waves of Solway cleanse the stain.
Oh, Magdalen! My fair and youthful bride,[2]
I had not thus have sinned, had you not died;

[1] Lord Maxwell.

[2] Princess Magdalen of France.

One word of your's, my pure and holy wife,
Had curbed the demons that have ruled my life.
So dearly were you loved, no tear or sigh
Had wrung your gentle heart, or dimmed your eye.
My solace is you did not live to share
My stormy life, or witness my despair.

DARNLEY AFTER RIZZIO'S MURDER

O my Mary! humbled here before thee,
I do confess how great has been my sin.
Look on me—in my anguish I implore thee,
And let my penitence thy pardon win.

O my Mary! just is thy displeasure,
Call me caitiff—traitor, if thou wilt.
Pour out thy wrath, with neither stint nor measure,
'Twill not exceed the baseness of my guilt.

The slanderous falsehoods whispered to deceive me,
Could'st thou but know! it might thy pity move.

Thus was I for a moment (Oh ! believe me)
Lured from my duty—never from my love.

O my Mary ! pity and forgive me,
Think of my youth, turn at my bitter cry ;
Let not thine anger and thy scorn outlive me,
Without thy pardon—at thy feet I die.

THE LAST WORDS OF "YOUNG DAIRSIE"

God comfort thee, my Father! Make no lament
for me,
With my heart's blood I seal this day my Faith
and Loyalty;
I die rejoicing—for my King—my country and
her laws,
I would I had a hundred lives to lose in such a
cause

Jesus! receive my spirit, and waft me safely o'er
This sea of blood—one nobler far, hath crossed
its waves before;

My sword is sheathed for ever—my last fight
nearly won,
But twenty summers I have seen—an' now—my
days are done!

Far to the East, o'er town and tower my longing
eyes I strain,
But the morning mist lies heavy and I must look
in vain;
Not to the woods of Dairsie, not to the shores of
Fife,
Does my heart turn with fervent love, in this last
hour of life;

But o'er the distant Lammermuir, to a wild and
lonely place

To the old grey Towers of Spotyswode, the home
of all my race!
If it may be, my Comrades, I charge you e'er I die
Bury me, in its White Chapel, where my gallant
Fathers lie.

Robert, who fought by Bruce's side, and James at
Sauchieburn,
William, who died at Flodden, and Ninian bold
and stern
Who stood against Queen Mary's foes! They
sleep within its shade,
A line of stainless warriors—and there would I be
laid.

Farewell! misguided Scotland! When thou the
truth shalt see,

Thou hast strong arms and gallant hearts would
right thy King and thee:
That brighter day is dawning, I die in Faith and
Trust,
The King shall have his own again—when I am
in the dust.

LAMENT OF LADY DUNDEE FOR HER HUSBAND

I LITTLE thought, that waefu' day
I bade fareweel to thee,
An' held thee fast, an' prayed thee sair
Sune to come back to me.
Tho' our partings were mony
An' fu' o' grief an' pain—
They were to be our last, an' we
Sud never meet again.

"Mourn not," thou said'st; "ye ken my faith
Is given but to three,
Unstained I keep it to my King,
My country, an' to thee.

As cauld as ice, as hard as steel
I gang amang them a';
An' my heart's wi thee at Dudhope,
When I am far awa'."

Thy spirit was the gentlest, but
Where duty led it on,
Thou did'st neither shrink nor falter,
Till the rugged way was won.
Fause were the words they said of thee,
They called thee harsh an' stern,
They kenned na' how the heart was wrung
That wad neither flinch nor turn.

They might hae kenned the bitter signs,
They were na' far to seek,

In the sadness o' thy glorious e'e,
The paleness o' thy cheek.
A stormy life, a hero's death,
An' deathless fame are thine;
When a' thy foes forgotten lie
The clearer will it shine.

The mools are on the gallant heart,
That aye beat true to me;
The dust lies ower the waving hair,
I never mair shall see.
The ringing voice is silent,
That echoed wild an' free,
An' stirred the blude o' auld an' young
Wi' the war-cry o' "Dundee."

JACOBITE

SHAME ON YE GALLANTS!

SHAME on ye gallants! that rise not readily,
Rouse ye and march at your Prince's call,
Wha sae base but would arm him speedily
For the noblest Stuart amang them all?
He comes like the dawn on our lang night of slavery,
Hope in his smile and light in his e'e;
He sought us alone in his youth and his bravery
Frae the tyrant usurper to set us free.

Shame on ye gallants! The sun shineth fairly,
To brighten each step of the Conqueror's way;

The winds are singing a welcome to Charlie,
And the rebels are running before him the day.
Weel may we trust him to bear himsel' dauntlessly;
Scotland can witness frae heroes he springs;
Noble his spirit, untainted his gallantry,
Worthy the son of a hundred kings!

WE'VE LOOKIT FOR YE LANG

We've lookit for ye lang, Prince Charlie,
Thro' years o' disgrace and pain ;
But the heather will bloom, and the thistle-top
wave—
There's a Stuart in Scotland again !

Argyle's gi'en ower the crown and sceptre
(The fause traitor dog),
But he couldna' mak a King o' Scotland
Out o' a German Hog !

They've brak into our King's palace,
They've ripit his treasury,

An' he's climbed into our King's throne, who was
A bit crofter in Germanie!

He's ta'en place o' our lords and nobles,
As tho' he were head o' the state;
An' he's daured to ca' us his subjects—
My Faith! but he isna blate!

He may head us, an' he may hang us,
He may chain us within stane wa's;
But he canna gar a man in Scotland
Stir a fit in his beggarly cause!

Ae glance o' your eagle e'e,
Ae wave o' your yellow hair,
Ae tone o' your princely voice
Will lead us—we need nae mair.

There's a road thro' your foes, Prince Charlie!
A way that is sure an' fleet,
We'll ding down the usurpin' carlie,
An' fling him beneath your feet!

(1873)

I'VE CAST OFF MY SATIN PETTICOAT

I've cast off my satin petticoat o' the scarlet an' the blue,
An' the mantle that happit me sae fairly,
I've put on the hieland kilt, an' the belted plaidie too—
An' it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie!

I've thrown by my siller seam, my spinnin' wheel an' a'
An' the harp that I played upon sae rarely;
I've ta'en the claymore in my fingers white an' sma',
An' it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie.

Ah, little kens my father, that his daughter Laddy
Jean,
Was off in the mornin' sae early,
To rank in among his men, when they marshalled
on the green,
But it's a' for the sake o' Prince Charlie!

Tho' my kennin' it is little, an' my strength it is
but sma',
An' I am furnished wi' weapons but barely:
I'll haud up my head among the sodgers a'
An' I'll fight to the death for Prince Charlie!

(1892)

SUGGESTED BY THE *HATED* SIGHT OF CULLODEN

CURST be Culloden, blasted for ever,
Blossom or verdure, grow there again never!
May storms rage around it, may bitter winds blight it,
May rain never soften, may sunshine ne'er light it!

May no bird of the forest, no deer of the mountain
Alight on its dark moor, or drink of its fountain!
May *their* rest be unbroken, *their* dust be untrodden
Who lie deep in the black heart of guilty Culloden!

Confusion to Cumberland! Mourning and weeping
Dog him and follow him, waking and sleeping!
May the blood shed by him and his abject dependants
Bring ruin and woe on their latest descendants!

Dark on Culloden our vengeance is lying!
For our Prince hunted down—for the slain, for the dying!
For our shame and dishonour that cleansed can be never,
May the Curse rest upon it for ever and ever!

AFTER CULLODEN

We winna leave thee. Where should we gang?
Thou art our King, our life, and our glory.
Trust to us yet, and it shall na be lang
Ere the dastardly Whigs shall rin trembling before ye.

The bravest and best o' the country lie slain,
True hearts and bauld wad hae righted ye rarely,
But ye've the mair need o' the few that remain,
An' in life or in death, we'll stand by ye, Charlie.

Dark though the day be, its clouds will blaw past,
An' a morrow will come wi' the sun shining fairly,
Up the red steep we will struggle at last,
An' place the auld crown on your head, Royal Charlie!

We'll never leave thee. Our law is thy will,
Our heart's blude, our gear, an' our lands are thine fairly,
Lead on! If ye fa', we'll follow ye still,
An' dee by your side. We'll hae nae king but Charlie!

THE RETURN FROM CULLODEN

Wi' wearie fit and breakin' heart
I've wandered back to see
My father's lands and ancient tower.
(Nae langer hame to me!)

Yon ill-fa'ured thievin' German loon
Has ta'en my rights awa;
The King he's robbit o' his Crown
An' ruin brought on a'.

The auld grey tower stands fair and fast,
Where we, and our forbears

Held rule and sway, ower muir an' brae,
For mony a hundred years!

Oh! blithely rade we forth at morn,
An' thocht to come again,
Wi' triumph an' rejoicin',
When the King won back his ain!

Our father turned him round about
Before our bounds were past,
Wi' lingerin' look,—he little kenn'd
That look wad be his last!

There were three went forth from Philhope Tower
Without a care or pain,

O'er hill an' glen to join our King
An' but ane came back again.

An' he is wandrin', hunted dune
Wi' heart forlorn an' wae;
An' the twae are lyin' cauld an' still
Aneath Culloden Brae.

LAMENT OF THE WIFE OF A LOYALIST WHO DIED OF HIS WOUNDS AFTER CULLODEN

Where the snow lies the deepest,
Where the wintry winds moan,
There thou, my love, sleepest,
By the wild wood, alone.

When from fatal Culloden
(Oh! dark was the day)
Through muirlands untrodden
We wandered away.

No hope for the morrow,
No balm for the past,

In faintness and sorrow
We rested at last.

Where the green grass was growing,
Where the stream wandered by,
There thy life-blood was flowing,
—Thou hadst lain down to die!

The spring has departed,
The summer is gone.
And I—broken-hearted,
Still watch thee alone.

What worse can befall me?—
I know to my pain,
(Tho' I would not recall thee)
—Thy death was in vain!

HOWNAM LAW

As I rade forth in the mornin' early,
The bonniest lassie that ever I saw,
A blue-e'ed, gowden-haired, little Herd-lassie,
Was keepin' her sheep upon Hownam Law.

"Oh, whae's aught you, ye little Herd-lassie,
That wad trust ye sae far on the hills your lane?"
Quo' she, "There was a battle far i' the North,
An' they banished our King, an' my Daddie was slain.

"My Minnie an' me, we bide in the shielin',
Doun the glen, frae the Roman Ring;

An' a' the day lang she's greetin' and prayin',
She greets for my Daddie, an' prays for our King."

"Oh, wha was your Daddie, my bonnie bit lassie,
Did he follow his laird to the Hielands awa?"
"Deed no! he was Lord o' baith vassals an' lands,
An' gin we had our richts, I am heir to them a'."

"Oh, hard is thy fortune, my bonnie wee lassie!
Sad maun your days be, your heart maun be sair;"
"We daurna repine, for my Minnie aye tells me
If we hae lost muckle, our King has lost mair.

"I dance on the heather, I sing wi' the laverock,
I wade in the waters, and better than a',
There's naethin' 'tween me an' my Daddie in Heaven,
When I'm up wi' my sheep upon Hownam Law!"

MY PRINCE

Why did they force thee from the field,
They knew thou ne'er would'st turn or yield?
What did'st thou reck of life or breath
Thou would'st have died a hero's death?
O my Prince, my Prince!

Was it for thee, thro' wind and rain,
Hunger and thirst, and grief and pain,
No arm to aid, no hope to cheer,
To wander like a hunted deer?
O my Prince, my Prince!

Was it for thee with breaking heart,
With all thy high resolves to part?

To know thy gallant deeds in vain,
Thy cause betray'd, thy followers slain?
O my Prince, my Prince!

Alone in forced inglorious rest,
The pinioned eagle droops his crest;
Despair hath bowed thy Royal head,
The fire of other days is dead.
O my Prince, my Prince!

But still *we* see thee brave and fair,
The stalwart form, the yellow hair,
The eagle eye with glances keen,
The lion heart—the princely mien.
O my Prince, my Prince!

Our hearts are all thine own, as when
We followed thee o'er hill and glen.
All else may change on earth and sea,
But not our faith and truth to thee.
O my King, my King!

(1881)

BALLADS

THE LADY BLANCHE'S BURIAL[1]

The Lady Blanche is dead
And in her cold grave laid,
And her eyne so fair and her golden hair
In the dark damp earth must fade.

Four Knights bore her pall,
And they went mourning all,
The cold moon shone on them every one
And fast their tears did fall.

The first sighed heavily—
"Of the noblest blood was she,

[1] Written before Lady Jane Dixon's marriage.

For lineage great, and queenly state,
Her peer can never be."

The second wept full sore—
"Shall I never see her more?
Her beauty bright was my delight,
And now my dream is o'er."

The third Knight wildly cried—
"O would she had not died!
Of lands so fair, she was the heir,
And of coffers of gold beside."

The fourth spoke sad and slow—
"O death, thou hast laid low
The sweetest flower, and from this hour
The world is a world of woe!"

Her dirge rose wild and deep—

"Mourn not her early sleep,

Her beauty and power, her lands and dower,

Are left,—but she doth not weep.

"The flowers of Heaven are fair,

And she blooms the sweetest there,

And the stars of night are not more bright

Than the crown on her golden hair."

THE CRUEL STEPMOTHER

"Bonnie Lady Annie, where are ye gaun?"
"I'm gaun to the greenwood thro' the wind and
the rain
For my brither, he's out at the huntin' his lane."

"Bonnie Lady Annie, the night's gaun to fa',
Sune will the Heaven be driftin' wi' snaw;
To the dark forest, oh, gang not ava!"

"Thro' wind and thro' snawdrift this night I maun
gang
For my brither has bidden at the huntin' ower lang
An' I fear in my heart, there is something wrang."

"Gang to your stepmother, my bonnie Lady Anne,
Ask three o' her horses, an' twa o' her men,
An' they'll bring your brither sune home again."

To her stepmother's bower Lady Annie's gane doon,
An' lowly and tremblin' she's begged the boon,
The Lady turned round and answered her soon:

"My men's by the fire, my horse in the sta';
They're no gang the night for Lord John thro' the
snaw,
If he bide or they seek him, he'll no come ava."

Lady Annie turned round wi' the tear in her e'e,
"Weel, Madam," she said, "if nae better maun be,
Will ye grant your wee doggie to seek him wi' me?"

"The night it is mirk, an' the wind's blawin' snell,
Asleep at my feet my doggie's as well,
If ye're wantin' Lord John, ye may seek him your
sel'!"

She's waded the moss, an' she's forded the burn,
An' she's up the brae face wi' mony a turn,
An' wearied she's won to the Forest of Morne.

Cauld drave the snaw thro' her lang yellow hair,
"Ochon!" quo' Lady Annie wi' mony a tear,
"Were our father at hame, I wadna been here!"

To the East and the West, she's seeking him gane,
In the mirk midnight thro' the forest her lane,
Crying aye as she gaed, "O Johnnie, come hame!"

Thro' the cauld snaw she gaed widely and far,
Wi' naething to guide her, neither moonlight nor star;
Sad was the seeking—but the finding was waur!

Down at the fit o' a bonnie birk tree,
Lying low in the snaw Lord John did she see,
But cauld was his cheek and dim was his e'e.

His red heart's blude was ebbing fu' fast,
In the Forest o' Morne he had huntit his last;
His hounds at his feet howled wild to the blast.

"There's nae need to ask, for but ane it can be
Wad hae dune sic a deed, my Johnnie, to thee,
It's our stepmither's wark!" "Ye say truly,"
quo' he.

"On the braes o' the forest it's pleasant to dee ;
Fu' saftly I lie, wi' the snaw driftin' free
An' the birk boughs are waving a welcome to me.

"Our cruel stepmother can harm me nae mair !
I'm gane to a land she'll no grudge me to heir,
Where nae fause hand can reach, and the heart's
never sair."

"The kind earth's beneath us, and the Heavens are
abune ;
My brither, we'll sleep a lang sleep an' a soun'."
An' slowly and weary Lady Annie lay doun.

There are lights in the forest, an' a sound in the air ;
O' horsemen approaching wi' the speed o' despair,
An' the Baron o' Morne the foremost is there.

Oh sair was his heart, an' a wud man was he,
"My bairns! whom I lo'ed as the light o' my e'e!
Hae they huntit ye doun to the wild woods to dee!"

Oh sad were the words that passed this three atween
Lord John and Lady Annie were weary, I ween,
An' their voices turned faint, an' dull grew their e'en.

The high hills were round them, but higher than a'
Their spirits or daybreak had mounted awa,
An' the Baron o' Morne was his lane in the snaw.

Their cruel stepmother to the dungeon he's ta'en;
An' there has he bound her wi' mony a chain,
An' the sweet light o' Heaven she ne'er saw again.

He's banished her son—saying, "Weren't no for the sake
O' his prayer that's awa, an' my word I'll no break,
Baith you an' your mither should hae burnt at the stake!"

THERE WERE TWA LAIRDS' SONS

THERE were twa Lairds' sons in Lammermuir,
An' they hae set a day
To flee their hawks, an' hunt their grues [1]
Upon the Twinlaw brae.

Sic friends, in lands baith far an' near
(Ye may search them one by one)
Ye wadna find, as young St. Clair
An' the Laird o' Spottiswood's son.

But there rase a quarrel them a'tween,
An' angry men were they,

[1] Greyhounds.

An' they've agreed to fecht it out
Upon the Twinlaw brae.

St. Clair has ta'en his riding sword,
To stand to his ain part:
But Spottiswood's drawn his huntin' knife,
An' stabbit him to the heart.

He cuist himsel' in anguish doon,
(He wad neither flee nor hide);
"O wae is me, that by my hand,
My dearest friend has died!"

When the St. Clairs gat word o' this,
Their anger wadna stay,
They've sent a message to the king
Afore the break o' day.

"Grant us a boon, my gracious king,
To us young Spottiswood gie,
That for the foul deed he has done
High hangit he may be."

The king garr'd write a stern letter,
An' signed it wi' his hand:
"I'll hear nae mair o' they blude feuds
That desolate the land.

"Let Spottiswood tak' a bag o' gowd,
Filled to the very brim,
An' offer a' to the St. Clairs:
I wot they'll pardon him."

"Look up, look up, my son Johnnie,
Tho' it sud ruin me,

Ill sell my horse,[1] I'll sell my kye,
But ye sall borrowed[2] be."

"Alak, my father, I hae brought
Ruin an' want on thee,
An' a' to save the worthless life
O' sic a wretch as me.

"Surely my wicked heart had been
By the foul fiend possest,
That I sud slay my dearest friend,
My truest an' my best."

Or the sun blinked ower Yavering Bell,
He's mounted an' awa,

[1] Horse, a collective noun. [2] Borrowed, ransomed.

He's ta'en the weighty poke o' gowd
To Longformacus Ha'.

He lichted doun—ilk man his sword
Swift frae its sheath has ta'en,
But when they saw the bag o' gowd
They sheathed them back again.

"I bring this offrin' for my sin,
The utmost I can gie,
An' for the dear Lord's sake I pray
That ye wad pardon me.

"My sleep will be nae rest to me,
My meat will be na feed,
There's naethin' left in life for me,
I wish that I was deid!"

They've ta'en him kindly by the hand,
They've raised him frae his knee,
"The past's forgi'en, let us be friends,
As we were used to be."

"Ah, fare ye weel, my comrades dear,
Fareweel to a' your clan,
For I maun wander through the world
A broken-hearted man.

"Ye may forgi'e my awfu' sin,
Twill haunt me sune an' syne;
There's nae St. Clair amang ye a'
Wi' a heart sae sair as mine."

NOTE BY LADY JOHN SCOTT IN A LETTER TO THE HONBLE. JAMES HOME, March 13, 1897.

"I am ashamed to say this is a true story. The duel without witnesses, and the murder of young Matthew St. Clair by his friend John Spottiswood (the part of the Twinlaw brae where the tragedy took place is called 'Matthew's Rig' to this day), the fury of the St. Clairs suddenly softened into forgiveness and friendship by the sight of 'the bag o' gowd,' the intense remorse and despair of Spottiswood, the all but ruin of his poor old father, are all real facts. No one ever knew what the two amiable youths quarrelled about, —very likely the merits of their respective hawks and hounds."

The murder took place in 1611.

BIDE IN YOUR BOWER

Bide in your bower, my Leddie,
Hae nae sad thoughts for me,
For as sure as the sun's in Heaven
I will hasten back to thee,
And for ilka coo that they hae ta'en,
I wot I'll bring you three.

Half o' my men sall bide at hame,
And half sall ride wi' me,
And or the sun's ahint the hill
Ye sall hae news o' me.

She turned her to the inner ha'
Wi' mony a sigh and tear,

"My mind misgi'es me; or the morn
Ill tidings we shall hear."

And lang afore the sun ga'ed doun,
Ill news cam' to the ha',
Lord Ronald and his men are ta'en;
They're to be hangit a.'

"We'll mount and ride, my trusty men,
And or the gloamin' fa',
We'll hae Lord Ronald back again
Safe in his ain ha'."

And mony a glen they hurried through,
And mony a hill they clomb,
And when in the gate was a water in spate,
They rode in their horse and swam.

When they cam' to the Fairlea Haughs,
A bonnie sicht was seen,
Twa hunder kye o' the Lowland kind
Were feeding on the green.

And out and spak' the Leddie there
And she spak' cheerfullie,
"Now bide ye here, my men, she said,
Till ye get word frae me."

She's left them on the fair hill-side,
She's ridden on her lane,
Exceptin' but her little foot-page
That walked by her bridle rein.

And she cam' up the Cocklemuir
An awfu' sight to see;

Lord Ronald stude wi' a' his men
Around the gallows tree.

"O heed my prayer, Sir Halbert Grey,
For a waefu' wife you see,
Tho' I ken you hae a heart o' steel,
I beg a boon frae thee.

"Grant me but ae grasp o' his hand,
But ae blink o' his e'e,
And grant him but a few kind words
To tak' farewell o' me."

"My heart is no sae hard, Leddie,
But your boon sall granted be;
Tho' Lord Ronald's but a rank Reiver,
He may tak' farewell o' thee."

"She's turned her horse where Lord Ronald stude
Twa buirdlie men atween,
He couldna stir a step himsel',
They held him sae hard and keen.

She's ridden up to Lord Ronald's side,
And she's dune weel her part,
She's drawn a sword on his twa guards
And she's stabbit them to the heart.

She strak sae swift, she strak sae sure,
That they loosed their grip and fell,
And sae ready was Lord Ronald then
To mount ahint hersel'.

She leaned her doun to her little foot-page,
And thus to him did say:

"Ca' up my weel-armed men in haste
That dern[1] ahint the brae.

"And lead them to Lord Ronald's men
Aneath the gallows tree,
Gar them keep the road for ae half hour,
Till we're ayont the lea."

Lord Ronald grippit firm ahint,
And she rade stride afore,
She slackit na speed and she drew na rein,
Till they cam' to their ain ha' door.

And mony a wife's dune weel, I wot,
But she's dune best of a',

[1] "Dern," to hide.

For it's by the might o' her right hand
He's safe in his ain ha'.

Her men had arms, baith swords and spears,
But Lord Ronald's they had nane,
Yet they've feuchten weel wi' the Englishmen,
And mony a ane was slain.

Then out and spak' Sir Halbert Grey,
And he spak' angrilie,
"They fight like devils mair than men,
Sae turn about and flee."

The Scots lads stude on the Langstane Edge,
To see the men gae by,
They've keepit the road for a gude half hour,
And syne drave hame the kye.

And they that gaed to Fairlea Haughs
Saw a waefu' sight next morn,
The Scots had cleared them o' a' the kye,
And left neither cloot nor horn.

There were thankfu' hearts in Wardlaw Tower,
And weel might Lord Ronald's be
To the gallant wife that had won his life
At the fit o' the gallows tree.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S COURTING IN GLADHOUSE GLEN[1]

WITHIN the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer's day.

It wasna the Fairy King,
That in silk and jewels shone;
As little was it an Elfin Knight,
That fair Queen smiled upon.

Ye wadna hae heard the burn,
As it gaed tinklin' doun,

[1] In the Moorfoot Hills.

The air was sae daft wi' their twa voices
An' their laughter's ringin' sound.

Up the mouth o' the Glen,
An' round the Drudal Stane,
Lord James, the Flower o' the Border-land
Cam' wandrin' up, his lane.

"Who may this mortal be?
But it's naething to you nor me,
As you and I sit courting,
Unseen by mortal e'e."

Within the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer's day.

The oak boughs parted wide,
An' the birks in the leafy den,
An' the loveliest Lady in a' the land
Cam' slowly up the Glen.

"Is it the Leddy o' Douglas?
Come quickly to me, tell."
He shook like ony aspen leaf:
"It's the Queen o' Scotland's sel'."

Within the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer's day.

"On the path o' the bauld Lord James,
How daur's her step to be?

Oh dule on this green howe hill,
I can neither stir nor see!"

Louder her laughter grew,
An' merrier danced her e'en,
"Ye maun leave that riddle unread,
If ye court wi' the Fairy Queen.

"Ye maun keep your vows to me,
Let Mary o' Scotland gae,
Little she wots o' him that courts
Wi' me ahint the brae."

Within the howe o' the hill,
An' ahint the back o' the brae,
The Fairy Queen sat courting
A' the lang Summer day.

THE AULD FIDDLER'S FAREWEEL TO SPOTTISWOODE

(To the tune of *The American Dwarf* country dance)

1

Snawy an' dreary
An' blawy an' eerie
The nicht it had fa'en, an' my haps they were few.
When tremblin' an' blinkin'
To the door I cam shrinkin'
O' Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

2

A lodgin' an' dinner
They gi'ed the auld sinner,
The fire an' the whiskey sune warmed me a' thro.'

Then me an' my fiddle

Were set in the middle

O' Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

3

Mad with the Houlachan,

Glad till they cool again,

"The Sow's tail to Geordie" I play them sae true.

Then reelin' an' skreighin'

To "The Castle o' Brechin"

Are Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

4

Faster an' dafter

The fiddlin' an' laughter,

Leddy Warrender's loupin' an' flingin' for two.

Miss Rose an' Augusta

Bang round in a cluster

Wi' Marget an' Eleanor, Alice an' Hugh.

(Envoi)

Hearin' ye've a Paper written by folk o' a' ages,

I humbly offer a sang for ane o' its pages,

Wi' mony thanks frae my fiddle an' sel' to ye a'.

Ye've keepit us gaun, an' made us baith fu' an' bra'.

That Spottiswoode may ne'er want roset or whiskey

Is the earnest wish

O' your auld drunken fiddler an' servant,

George McLish.

FOREIGN

CHANSON

Calme-toi ! La vie n'a plus pour nous
Les jours de fête, les joies,
Le délire d'autrefois.
Ah ! ils sont passés tous.
Calme-toi !

Ton cœur est déchiré,
Je vois la lutte affreuse ;
Mais crois-tu, malheureuse !
Que tu as seule pleuré ?
Calme-toi !

JOYEUSE

Es-tu comme autrefois douce et belle, Joyeuse,
D'une beauté que je croyais immortelle, Joyeuse ?
Chantes-tu encore de ta voix séduisante, Joyeuse ?
Plus que oiseau, plus que luth, tendre et charmante,
Joyeuse !

Est-ce que la nature sait toujours te plaire,
Joyeuse ?
L'ombre du soir, le bois solitaire, Joyeuse ?
Ah ! que nous étions heureux dans ces jours,
Joyeuse !
Tranquilles et calmes et purs comme nos amours,
Joyeuse !

Sans pitié l'âme, et dur le cœur, Joyeuse !

Qui pouvait troubler un tel bonheur, Joyeuse !

Tes pensées d'alors, je les connaissais si bien,
Joyeuse !

De tes pensées d'aujourd'hui, absolument rien,
Joyeuse !

Es-tu seule en ce monde où je suis seul, Joyeuse ?

Le front rayonnant et gai, le cœur en deuil,
Joyeuse ?

La vie, pour toi, est-elle triste et noire, Joyeuse,

Sans lumière, sans joie, et sans espoir, Joyeuse ?

AFTER THE SCARLET FEVER—1874

Rivengo, rivengo dai lidi dolenti.

Rivedo il sole, i prati ridenti.

Ma solo ritorno, tremante il pie,

La voce amata si tace per me!

La voce amata si tace per me!

HYMNS

1 KINGS xix. 11, 12

At the lightning and the thunder
I shook with awe and wonder.
But in the crash I heard
Distinctly—word by word—
A still small voice which said,
"'Tis I—be not afraid."

HYMN

FATHER! As Thou art great in power, be great to
spare,
Lay not upon me more than I can bear.
My heart beats low, my eyes are dim with tears,
And I am old in grief, though young in years.

Father! I pray Thee, for Jesus' sake,
Lighten this burden, or my heart will break;
On the dark future shed one glimmering ray,
Grant me *one* hope, to cheer me on my way.

Father! Avert the evils that have sprung
From lying lips, and a deceitful tongue;
Confound the malice of my foes unseen,
And grant *me* gentler thoughts than theirs have been.

HYMN

"Father! Let me rest where shadows lie
And cold dews fall. Too fervently
Hath the red sun looked on me; worn, oppressed,
I faint beneath its rays. Oh! let me rest."

"Not yet. Thy warfare is not past.
The howling storm must come, and bitter blast,
And cold rain, by the wild winds driven. Thy part
Is to withstand, with firm unshrinking heart."

"Father, it is done!—Now let me rest
Where storms can never reach me, calm and blest.
My field is fought, my weary task is o'er;
Oh! send me back to the wild world no more."

"Still must thou journey on. The night,
Silent and lonely, on thy troubled sight,
Shall gather fast, without one cheering ray;
And thro' that heavy darkness lies thy way."

"Father! At Thy feet subdued I fall.
Day breaks.—Thy hand hath guided me thro' all.
Thou knowest my wayward heart, and what is best
To calm its fever. In that faith I rest."

"Thy wanderings all are o'er.—Rest now!
Peace to thy weary heart and aching brow.
In shadowy bowers, by valleys still and deep,
Where quiet waters flow—lie down and sleep."

(1841.)

FAMILY

MARCHMONT—1834

I MUST be sad! It is a vain endeavour
To smile, when all within is gloom and pain.
It is our last day now, and we may never
Meet in this cold and dreary world again.
The last! A gloom o'er all is cast
By that sad thought, the last!

But we will watch the setting sun together
On the old trees and moorland as before.
Still may I watch the bright or stormy weather,
But with thee by my side—Oh! never more!
The last! A gloom o'er all is cast
By that sad thought, the last!

Sing with me our old songs, the wildest, saddest,
That I may dwell on every thrilling tone,
We sang them nightly, when our hearts were gladdest;
Sing them again, e'er our last day is gone.
The last! A gloom o'er all is cast
By that sad thought, the last!

"TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN"

Thou dwellest far above the starry sky,
My sorrow cannot move thee—nor the cry
Of mortal anguish ever reach thine ears,
My grief is lonely now,—unheeded fall my tears!

I know thou hear'st me not; thou would'st return
With thine own smile, and bid me not to mourn,
And comfort me, and tell me even Above
Thy soul was *bound to mine* in deathless love.

How often did we talk in former years
Of Death and all our anxious hopes and fears!
I little thought his seal was on thy brow,
His shadow on thy heart—I know it now!

There was a beauty in thy large soft eye,
Bright but yet mournful, like the lights which lie
On hill and sea before the close of day
Ere its last beams have faded quite away.

And in thy glorious voice there was a tone,
A deep wild sadness that was all its own ;
Except the rushing streams, and moaning wind
No earthly sound recalls it to my mind.

I miss thy step upon the lone hill-side,
I miss thee on the moorland still and wide,
I miss thee singing in thy favourite bowers
At morn among the green leaves and the flowers

I miss thee in the dark hour of distress,
And my soul faints with hopeless weariness ;

Thou art not near to cheer and to sustain,
And say, "Doubt not, all will be well again!"

In every thought I miss thee; we alone
Had dreams and memories to all else unknown.
—They sleep for ever now!—That hand is cold
Whose touch awaked their chords, in days of old!

YOUR VOICES ARE NOT HUSHED [1]

Your voices are not hushed,
No bitter tear is shed,
Your spirits are uncrushed,
And she is with the dead!

Do ye not miss her voice
And the light of her glorious eyes?
No, ye can still rejoice,
While she in her cold grave lies.

Since she was smiling here
But few short years have fled;

[1] Written at Marchmont in 1842, three years after her sister's death.

Your laugh is on my ear,
And she is with the dead!

Do ye not pine to see
Her radiant face again?
No, in your careless glee
No thoughts of the dead remain!

O'er all the joyous earth
The Spring's soft light is shed,
Her home is filled with mirth,
And she is with the dead!

Have ye no thought or care
That the light of our life is gone?
No, in my deep despair,
I feel I am all alone!

TO JOHN AND ANDREW[1]

When I am gone, I charge thee to remember
Fondly and faithfully through joy and pain,
In the sunny days of June, in the dark nights of December
The old times that cannot come again.

Those old times! So lov'd, so cherished,
Our own hearts whispered that they could not last,
All but their memory from the earth hath perished,
And I conjure thee to keep *that* fast.

The unbroken band of sisters and of brothers
Upon this weary earth can meet no more.

[1] Her brothers.

We who remain, we cannot give to others
The love, the trust that bound us *all* of yore.

Nor need we give them. We should hoard them rather,
They are not lost! We have not lov'd in vain!
The time will come, when God Himself shall gather
The children to their Father's home again.

(*Spottiswoode*, 1841.)

"AFTER MY BROTHER JOHN'S DEATH"

THE spring he so loved welleth still
From the dark mountain's brow;
The dotterel come back to the hills,
But he—heedeth not now!

The fox, by the horn's merry sounds,
Is roused from his lair;
They ride to the cry of the hounds,
But he—rideth not there!

The woods where he wandered are fair
In the spring, as of yore;
But cared for and loved as they were,
He will see them no more!

ON MY BROTHER JOHN

(Died 1846)

I SAID, "I ask neither care nor pity,
For my present and future are bright."
God said, "Ye have no abiding city,
Ye must seek one out of sight."

I said, "Thou art my hope, I need no other,
My comfort and my refuge to the end."
God said, "There is One that sticketh closer than a brother,
And He must be thy friend."

I said, "My life without Thee were lonely,

So cherished and so dear Thou art;

I love Thee first, I love Thee only."

God said, "Give me thy heart."

TO ——

MANY a year has passed since we two parted,
Bringing sunshine to the Heavens and flowers to
the plain;
But the freshness of the Spring reaches not the
weary-hearted,
Light and joy to them may never come again!

I wander by the hill-sides, sad and lonely,
Careless of all that made me glad of yore;
The wild bird's song I heed not, thinking only,
Of one low voice, that I shall hear no more!

I turn from the blue skies, forlorn and weeping,
Haunted by memories of a day long past,

When storms were gathering round, and wintry
winds were sweeping
And I watched thy parting look, and felt it was
the last.

There is an hour when silent stars are gleaming,
And the cold moon shines forth, for which I pine;
For then I know when that pure light is beaming,
Tho' I see thee not, and hear thee not, thy spirit
meeteth mine.

In my worn heart, a sad but peaceful feeling,
Calming its restlessness, soothing its bitter pain,
Stilling its murmurs, in those shadowy rays is
stealing,
Answering its torturing doubt, "Shall we two
meet again?"

"On earth no more!" Our last farewell is spoken!
But a few years of gloom and suffering past;
And we, who wander drearily, desolate and heart-
broken,
Parted for ever here—shall meet in Heaven at
last.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S BIRTHDAY

(November 25)

Cold is the blast of November's dark morning,
But warm are the wishes that hail its returning.
Together we bring thee with deepest emotion,
Our Chieftain and Father, our heart's best devotion.
Kinsmen and clansmen, join in the chorus,
Long may we follow where he leads before us!

Fair may he flourish, whatever betide us,
The oak that will shelter, the star that will guide us.

His foot on his foes, his clan at his order,
The dread of the Southern, the pride of the Border.
Heartily, joyfully, raise the loud chorus,
Long may we follow where he leads before us!

Light be his step on the braes of the forest
In summer's long day, or when winter is sorest.
Lighter his heart—may no sorrow be deeper
Than the pity he gives to the mourner and weeper.
Ettrick and Yarrow echo the chorus,
Long may we follow where he leads before us!

Like the rock on the mountain, his hand is the surest,
Like the badge on his bonnet, his heart is the purest.

Life to him! Health to him! Gladness for ever,

Our Chieftain and Father, whose equal was never.

Louder and wilder ring out the chorus,

Long may we follow where he leads before us!

PERSONAL

TO H. H. C.

Mourn not for me! As the mountain burn
Tho' it wander away, will in mist return;
As the plover, though borne on unwearying wing
To distant lands, will come back in Spring;
As the wandering wind goes wildly forth
From our hills, but returns to its home in the North;
As the heather flowers, though they fade and wane
Will blossom red on the moors again;
So I, tho' I go for a time away,
I bid you look to a brighter day,
With the heather flowers on the sunny brae,

With the wild North wind, with the wandering
bird,
When his first shrill note of joy is heard,
With the dewy spring and the mountain rain
You shall welcome me home to the hills again!

(*October* 9, 1853.)

MARCH 16, 1857

WATCH with me here to-night!
Ghosts of the past come stealing on my sight,
All dark and veiled. They range them in their
place—
Say—shall we dare to meet them face to face!

A mournful train and long!
Wailing of grief and sin and death and wrong,
Of time misspent, of talents misapplied,
Of duties spurned, of blessings thrown aside.

What bring they but despair!—
Pass on, dark phantoms. More we cannot bear!

Is there indeed no gleam of hope to cast
One bright ray onwards from the stormy past?

In their sad chant I hear
One tone of ringing music, low but clear,
Like morning winds, like waters in a glen,
Like wild-birds, far above the haunts of men.

O phantoms of the past!
Hope springeth ev'n from you! From first to last
That calm pure note o'er grief, remorse and tears,
Hath borne us conquerors thro' the storms of years!

THE FOUL FORDS

The muirs and the waters remain!
The road ower the brae
We sae aft used to gae,
But Jamie is gane!

And noo I gang wanderin' my lane!
I keep frae them a',
I've nae spirit ava
Sin' Jamie is gane!

He'll ne'er come to Rathock again!
He's seen others ower fair,
And he minds me nae mair,
And Jamie is gane!

Parting was never sic pain!
For hope it was strang
That it wasna for lang!
But Jamie is gane!

I ken that my grief is in vain,
Yet my heart's like to break,
I wad die for his sake—
And Jamie is gane!

KATH'RINE LOGIE

When the sun sets o'er the lily lea,
And the night is gath'ring silently;
Oh then my lane I mourn for thee,
My dearest Kath'rine Logie!

I wander awa by the Heuchwood Scaur,
And silently gaze on the ev'ning star;
And I mind thy face that was bonnier far,
My loveliest Kath'rine Logie!

The bird upon the forest tree,
Singing his wildest melody,
Had na a voice as sweet as thee,
My darling Kath'rine Logie!

The bright munebeam is no' sae fair
As the light that play'd on thy gowden hair;
Wae's me! I shall never see thee mair,
My sweetest Kath'rine Logie!

Thou art far abune this warld o' pain,
Where I maun wander dark and lane,
For the light o' my life wi' thee is gane,
My dearest Kath'rine Logie!

"AE SMILE BEFORE WE PART"

"Ae smile before we part, lassie,
To cheer me on my way,
Ae word to calm the struggling heart
That wad, but daurna stay!

"This sorrow winna last, lassie,
The year is on the wane,
But e'er the Spring be past, lassie,
I will be back again."

"Farewell, sin we maun part, laddie,
My blessing gang wi' thee;
But seek nae cheer frae a cheerless heart,
For I hae nane to gie.

"Your path lies far awa, laddie,
An' this hour o' bitter pain,
Ye'll sune forget it a', laddie,
An' ye will not come again."

"The sun nae mair may rise, lassie,
The stars from Heaven may flee,
The mune may leave the skies, lassie,
But I'll come back to thee!"

He's mounted and ta'en his way
Thro' the wintry wind an' rain,
An' she's watched for him mony a weary day
But he never cam again.

SONG

Speak—for thy words are honey-dew to me;
Look—for thine eyes are all I care to see;
Smile—for thy smile belongs to me alone,
And keep thy tears and sighs till I am gone!

Oh! when I wander far away from thee,
Wilt thou then weep, as now thou weep'st for me?
Or are thy tears soon shed and quickly dried,
And hast thou smiles for all the world beside?

Alas! I feel I wrong thy gentle heart!
Yet, bear with me—so hard it is to part,
That ev'n my faith seems changed to cold distrust,
And where I love most, I am most unjust!

SONG

Must we two part?
We that have lov'd so well,
Better than words can tell;
Then—break my heart.

When first we met,
The very earth grew bright,
My life seem'd turned to light;
Canst thou forget?

Oh! in those hours
The air was balm to me,
Each path I trod with thee
All strewn with flowers.

I had no care,

The stormy past was gone,

The future all our own,

Cloudless and fair.

Hope comes no more,

I see thee changed and cold,

Thy smiles not those of old;

My dream is o'er.

Yes! We must part,

Thou seest my bitter woe,

Yet thou are glad to go;

Break! break! my heart!

SONG

I WOULD that I had never met thee!
I would I could, ev'n now, forget thee.
Heav'n knows I love thee—and that love how vain
Cherish'd so long, to end in hopeless pain.

What will life be to me without thee?
I had so twined my thoughts about thee,
So looked to thee in sorrow and in mirth,
In good and ill, as all my hope on earth.

Even in my grief I do not blame thee,
Thou hast far dearer ties to claim thee—
But wide the gulf between my thoughts and thine—
Gladness is in thy heart—despair in mine!

A FRAGMENT

. . . . . Do I forget thee?

Ask the hills where we have wandered!

They echo but thy name.

The flowers thou lovedst!

No others bloom for me.

The stars we used to gaze on!

No night do they shine forth,

But I thro' tears do fix my eyes on them,

And think that other eyes are gazing.

. . . . . Yet ask it not of these.

Deep voices have they, but

To the doubting heart

They all are silent!

Look at me! Thou wilt see
The waste thy memory hath made.
My eyes are dim with weeping for thee!
My cheek is pale with watching for thee!
My voice is faint with praying for thee!
My heart is worn with pining for thee!
These all will witness—to my misery
Thou never art forgotten!

(*Ravenstar*, Act III. Scene 4.)

A FRAGMENT

1

When the young buds are waking in the woods,
  When flowers are springing on the dewy plain,
When the wild bird leads out his glossy brood,
  I—shall not wander forth again.
On hill and rock the laughing Spring
Her fairest wreaths may reckless fling,
  For me, 'twill be in vain.

2

When dreamingly the purple hills repose
  Beneath the brightness of a summer sky;
When the shrunk stream with broken murmuring
    flows

I—shall not hear it as it wanders by.
When breezes cool the evening hours,
Rich with the scent of heather flowers,
I shall not feel their sigh.

3

When thro' the yellow woods at eventide
The homeward hunter's bugle note is borne;
When the dark muir-cock from the mountain-side
Revels at sunset in the waving corn;
When harvest songs ring wild and clear,
No sounds of earth will reach my ear,
Either at eve or morn!

4

. . . . . .

A FRAGMENT

1

What is the world to me? Can it give back those
years
Too dearly prized—too quickly fled—
Their memory chokes my voice and blinds my eyes
with tears,
Can it give back the Dead?

2

What is the world to me? . . .

. . . . . .

"O MOTHER! LET ME WEEP"

O Mother! Let me weep. Thou knowest not
How I have longed to rest
This weary head and aching heart
Upon thy quiet breast.
And thus, when I have reached this home at last,
The pent-up grief of years,
The anguish of my soul breaks forth,
In this wild burst of tears!

O Mother! Let me weep. Dreams of my home
Rush thro' my giddy brain,—

And memories of old happy times
That will not come again.
Take me where I may see my own blue hills,
And hear the wild wind blow;
Lead me to those still waters where
I wandered long ago!

O Mother! Let me weep. Full well I know
There is no rest for me,
But in the damp and lonely grave
Where my soul faints to be!
Yet I have one last hope (which makes
My tears fall down like rain)
That I may lay my dying head
In my childhood's home again.

O Mother! Let me weep. I do not mourn
That life and I must part.
I would not even on our own hills
Dwell with a broken heart.

. . . . . .

CHRISTABELLE

Thy lute, Christabelle! Where is thy lute?
Its strings are broken, its chords are mute.
To be ruler of Scotland's wide domain
I would not waken its sounds again.

Thy wreath, Christabelle! Where is thy wreath?
Its flow'rs are trodden my feet beneath;
And not for all that this earth could give
Would I bid those wither'd roses live.

Thy ring, Christabelle! Where is thy ring?
The deep sea holds the worthless thing.
Could the waves reject it, the winds restore,
It should never fetter my finger more.

Thy heart, Christabelle! Where is thy heart?
Shiver'd and broken in every part.
I may live thro' years of sorrow and pain,
I shall never wish it whole again.

Thy hope, Christabelle! Where is thy hope?
Not upon earth, it has higher scope.
Where nothing is false, and all is fair,
In the Kingdom of Heav'n my hope is there!

REMORSE

For the anguish I have wrought thee,
For the ties that I have riven,
For the sorrow I have brought thee,
Shall I ever be forgiven?

For the harsh words I have spoken,
For my bitter thoughts of thee,
For thy joyous spirit broken,
Is there pardon yet for me?

For the hopes that I have blighted,
Leaving ashes in their place,
For the warm heart chilled and slighted,
Can I dare to ask for grace?

No! My grief is unavailing,
Words can never be unsaid,
Nor remorse nor bitter wailing,
Wring forgiveness from the dead!

(1874.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE. SPOTTISWOODE

(1872)

Silent and dark! Yet full of light to me.
The dead are near, all I most long to see.
Sweet eyes are shining on me,
Softest voices sigh,
"Keep faith with us! Keep faith with us!" they cry.

Lonely and sad! Yet full of life and sound,
Footsteps well-known, long-lost, are gathering round;
Bright looks are bending o'er me,
Smiles about them play,
"Be true to us! Be true to us!" they say!

Faithful and true, to your dead love am I!

Why say I "Dead?" *Our* love can never die.

Bright dreams may vanish from me,

Shadowy forms depart,

Ye live for ever—deep within my heart!

WRITTEN AT THURSO

Wild rave the winds of winter o'er thy head,
Dark fall the shadows round thy narrow bed,
Lonely I keep my mournful watch by thee,
Here, where thou liest by the stormy sea.
Oh! canst thou hear my bitter cry,
Where thy sweet spirit dwells above the sky?
Oh! dost thou see my wild despair,
Can my soul's anguish reach thee even there?

No tear may dim the glory of the blest,
No stormy passions break thy peaceful rest.
No cry of human grief, no throb of pain,
Can reach thy heart, my only love, again.

Oh! could I hear one answering tone,
Where now I mourn in darkness and alone.
Mute! Mute! No voice or sign from thee,
Only the howling wind and murmuring sea.

(1875.)

"LONELY AND STILL"

Lonely and still, I think with sad amaze
On my free, fearless life of other days;
And mournfully recall the vanish'd time,
I found no craig or hill too steep to climb,
No burn to wade too wide, or deep, or strong,
No steed too fiery, and no way too long.
No blast too bitter from the hill could blow,
Whether of driving rain, or drifting snow.
All, all is changed! Yet I should not despond,
In earthly sorrow—I should look beyond,
To that great day, when all whose faith is true
Shall mount on eagle's pinions, and renew

With those they loved, from whom they had to part
In former years with tears and breaking heart;
Their happy youth—changeless and strong and pure,
No fear, or sin, or grief; it shall endure
Eternal in the Heavens; we have His word
That they shall be for ever with the Lord.[1]

[1] Written not long before her death.

"I SEE THEM NOT"

I SEE them not; I hear them not;
Their life on earth is o'er.
But every day that passes
I miss them more and more.

Surely if we had parted
Never to meet again,
Time would have soothed, and absence dulled,
This ceaseless bitter pain.

And yet this earth is small,
Age after age has passed;

Where could they dwell who hope to rest

In happiness at last!

O slow of heart, were there not thousands fed

On five small loaves of bread?

(SPOTTISWOODE, *November* 1899.[1])

[1] The last lines she wrote.

THE END